

Remember Alderaan

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Summary: Meet Dorovio Bold, Alderaan born and bred. All she's wanted to do was fly. As an Imperial Fighter Pilot, this wish has been granted, but when the still mysterious Death Star attacks her planet of origin, she'll fly in service of justice, whether that's accomplished by Imperial or Rebel means, she'll soon find out.

1. Chapter 1

A long time ago, in a galaxy far far away...

Alderaan was once a thriving planet. The most peaceful planet during the Clone Wars, people had grown accustomed to the luxuries of everyday existence on one of the most advanced planets in the galaxy. In the city of Aru-E'den, a young girl often played amongst the vast grass plains. That girl's name was Dorovio. She would often wander through the vast greenlands of her hometown to the edge of the Cutan River. Aru-E'den was a paradise among paradises, with not only a beautiful array of flowers, but also a wide variety of animals big and small. The plains would give rise to beautiful mountains in the east, and dip into the oceans of the west. Across the Cutan one could see the familiar yet still awe inducing shapes of Alderaanian architecture. Buildings large and small, pointed and flat, wide and thin created a jagged skyline. Young Dorovio sat by the edge of the wide river and looked to the world beyond.

Overhead, the cutting sounds of Ion engines roared through the sky. Dorovio looked up at the squadron of fighters, a symbol of Imperial might. It had been four years since the Empire had taken form, though Dorovio had been too young to remember it all. The end of one of the fiercest wars ever fought. The end of a once great order. The rise of evil.

She looked at the strange ships with awe, admiring their ability to swoop through the skies with ease, joining the many birds in their path. Even further above, Dorovio saw the slightly obscured dagger

shape of an Imperial Star Destroyer. Many more TIEs buzzed around it, like bees around a hive.

"Dorovio!" a voice called.

The little girl knew it well. The voice belonged to her mother. Playtime was almost over, it was time for dinner. The little girl hurried to a small hut in the distance. On her way home, she wished to join the strange ships in the sky one day. One day, she would fly with as much grace as the Deltan Eagle.

-Breakline-

Dorovio woke up earlier than usual that day. Usually she'd blame the hard steel cot she was required to sleep on, but today everyone was abuzz with excitement. Her bunkmate, Rina Rilde, under the codename TK-964, was already in uniform. The red haired girl looked up at her friend and fellow cadet with a huge smile.

"Today's the big day! Are you excited?" Rina asked with vigor that was unmatched among any other cadet.

"It is pretty cool," Dorovio smiled, rolling onto her back again briefly. She was nineteen now, and the top recruit among her class. She was fighting hard to get accepted into the Imperial Navy. Flying over Aru-E'den would finally become a reality for her. She sighed, saying, "Well, I better get ready. Not a good thing for the star student to show up late."

"I hear Grand Moff Tarkin is going to give us our graduation speech!" Rina exclaimed, donning her training helmet.

"I hope we get our assignments today," Dorovio stated, climbing down the ladder adjacent to the bunk. Once down, she grabbed her pelvis and leg armor.

"I know, you want to be the starfighter ace! To be honest, we could use a girl like you on the ground. Teach those Rebels a thing or two."

"You'll do a good job," Dorovio assured, taking a seat on the bottom bunk to put on her boots. Fastening her gauntlets and breastplate armor, she said, "Well, I wish you the best, Rina."

"Hey, maybe we'll get to be in the same division," the other girl suggested.

Their conversation was cut short by the sound of an early bell.

"That's our cue! Good Luck, Vi!" Rina said before rushing out. Dorovio grabbed her training helmet, and stalked outside.

-Breakline-

Hundreds, no thousands, of stormtroopers had been assembled in the mass courtyard behind the Grand Moff. AT-ATs, AT-STs, and multiple landed TIEs stood to the sides of the mere one hundred forty-four recruits assembled in the Imperial Academy on Cycris IV. The wind

whipped through the Grand Moff's hair, but no one noticed. They were all at attention to the words of wisdom Tarkin would impart to them.

"Congratulations recruits," Tarkin began. "You should be proud of yourselves. You are here because you have chosen to spread the Empire's message of Order throughout the galaxy. Because of your loyalty and dedication, you will prove vital in restoring peace to our now warring Empire. This new Rebellion will underestimate you, ridicule and mock you. But never deter from such a righteous course. Their mockery is your strength, by underestimating you, they leave themselves open to attack, and they will fall. There are those of you who wish to enlist in our naval forces. Our Starfighter Corps appreciates the zeal you show for serving our great Emperor, and for paving the galaxy in his vision. You will make history, and you will ensure the future of our galaxy. Now pick up your arms, and don your new armor, for you are the face of the future, you are the enforcers of order, you are the Empire!"

Thunderous applause rose from the small army of cadets, the instructors, and the countless battalions behind the Grand Moff. Dorovio felt a surge of pride shared by all of her fellow recruits. She was proud to be a part of something big, something powerful.

As fortune would have it, she found her way into the Starfighter Corps, becoming stationed on Kuat, home to the Imperial Shipyards. Rina would be stationed with a battalion on Alderaan. The two often kept in touch via holograms, discussing their missions and overall drama among their squads.

It was downtime on Kuat, the shipyards had closed for the rotation, and only the graveyard shift of troopers and pilots remained active. Dorovio stalked her way to the hanger area on the Dependent, her home away from home. Norn Oleef, a crewman, was spraying down her TIE with a fresh coat of shine.

"She's just been washed, Miss Bold, and now she's ready for takeoff," the crewman supplied.

"Thanks Norn," Dorovio smiled, watching as the crewman gathered his things to leave. After Oleef had left, Dorovio climbed up the ladder adjacent to her fighter and got in her cockpit. As other flight crew removed the ladder, Dorovio began her routine flight check. As she adjusted the control module, her fighter's holodisk began to beep. After taking off, she activated the hologram. TK-964 stood with her helmet underarm, smiling cheerily at her former classmate.

"Hey Vi! What's up?"

"Hey Rina," Dorovio replied through the black helmet. "I'm just starting the graveyard shift. How are things on your end?"

"Well, Trix and Jasp tried to rig my blaster today," Rina replied, refering to 108th Battalion's Trixan Reeves and Jaspen Longthorne, the unit's resident tricksters.

"Are they trying to kill you or something!?" Dorovio asked, alarmed.

"They tried to make it short out when I fired. Oh that reminds me,

did you hear the news?"

"What news?" Dorovio asked.

"They captured Senator Organa's daughter trying to smuggle Imperial plans. I hear she's being kept on an Imperial space station," Rina filled in. "Do you think it's that rumored Death Star?"

"Pfft," Dorovio scoffed, "that's just a myth Ri. A weapon large enough to destroy planets? Give me a break."

"I know, it sounds crazy, but," Rina paused, looking to the sides before continuing. "I think I've seen it."

"Say what now?"

"Brice mentioned seeing a strange object in the sky last night, and he took me to see it."

"He did, huh?" Dorovio smirked under her mask.

"And I saw this moon. But Alderaan doesn't have any moons."

"How does that prove the Death Star's existence?" Dorovio asked, skeptical.

"It's reportedly shaped like a moon. And I hear it's as big as one as well."

Dorovio kept silent at that, her gaze fixed on the stars surrounding Kuat, as she mulled over that information. It was disturbing that the Empire would construct such a terrible weapon. She joined to protect planets, not destroy them. And if Alderaan was in it's sights...

Suddenly, a loud siren wailed from Rina's side of the transmission. Stormtroopers rushed past Rina, shouting indecipherable cries of terror.

"What's going on?" Dorovio asked, alarmed.

"I think the city's under attack, but I don't see-" with that the hologram faded.

-Breakline-

In a panic, Dorovio landed her fighter back in the bay. As soon as the ladder reached, she jumped out of her fighter. Rushing into the break room, she was just in time to hear a news report from Coruscant. Placing her helmet underarm, Dorovio stood and watched silently. Her fellow pilots gathered around.

The Ishi Tib on the screen had a hand to his ear, nodding every now and then before turning back to the camera. His face spoke volumes.

"_This just in, the planet of Alderaan has just been destroyed_,"

Dorovio's helmet fell from her arm.

2. Chapter 2

"Woah," Thyne, one of the pilots in the front, muttered.

"What do you think happened?" another pilot asked.

"_We're receiving reports from our news ships in the system, a moon-like object is still in orbit around the now non-existent planet. No further information can be obtained at this time,"_ the Ishi Tib reporter filled in.

"Think that moon took it out?"

"Rys, don't be an idiot," flight commander Tanner spoke, "A moon couldn't take out Alderaan. Must be some new sort of terror weapon. Blasted rebels."

"I don't think the rebels did this," Dorovio said, quickly sucking in a breath as she realized what she'd said.

The other pilots turned to her. Davijaan snorted.

"Isn't it obvious?" the older pilot scoffed. "Only the rebels would make an attack so barbaric."

"There's no news of them making a super weaponâ€|" Rys stated cautiously.

"What're ya saying Rys? We had something to do with it?"

"Maybe it was home to rebel sympathizers. Force knows those lothrats couldn't keep their protesting mouths shut."

"Rys has a point," Thyne spoke again. "The rebels want support, not innocent bloodshed. Besides, they'd strike a planet like Coruscant, or Corulag. Or Kuatâ€|"

That had the room silent for a minute. Tanner focused his attention back on Rys for a moment.

"Rys, what do you mean it might have been home to rebel sympathizers?"

"Well I heard that the Emperor was building a Death Star, a weapon that could destroy planets," Rys reasoned.

"Pure rebel propaganda," Davijaan dismissed.

"Surely the whole Empire would know about this," Tanner stated.

"From what I heard, only the Imperial barons know about those really secret missions. Plus, it would explain where a lot of those Wookies went in the early days," Thyne said.

All the while, Dorovio kept a tight lip. Whoever had taken the entire planet out had taken out Rina with it. Alderaan was home to Dorovio, and so she'd lost more than a fellow cadet and friend. She'd lost

family, a place to go back to, and she'd never get to fly over the paradise of her childhood. Still, she couldn't bring herself to blame the Empire for it's destruction. There had to be another cause.

"Hey Rovio, you sure got quiet," Thyne noticed. "Know something we don't?"

"It's just that my friend Rina said she saw it," Dorovio explained.

"Oh really? And where did Rina see this Death Star?" Rys asked with mock intrigue.

"Actually a fellow trooper brought it to her attention. Alderaan has no moons and she saw one in the sky last rotation."

"Rina's wrong. Alderaan does have a moon. Don't you know that?" Tanner countered roughly.

"Still, a moon would probably fly out of orbit if there's nothing to orbit," Davijaan credited. "Besides, it's hard to see Alderaan's moon from planet side, so most wouldn't realize it exists."

"That's true on both counts," Thyne confirmed.

"Kinda hard to mistake a moon," Rys admitted. "You're friend has a point. Maybe it's not just propaganda huh Odd Ball?"

"Whatever," Davijaan scoffed.

"Either way gentlemen, I'm afraid this shipyard will not patrol itself," commanded resident Admiral Mar'kett, who'd startled the assembly. "Get back to work!"

The fighter pilots nodded and made their way out of the break room and into the hangar.

-Breakline-

The next day, Dorovio's bow shaped fighter descended upon the Kuati city of Thistle. It was a frequent tourist attraction, with tall mountains capped with green pastures. In the valley where the heart of the city lay, various shops selling primitive trinkets filled the area. Since she had landed, Dorovio had purchased a small bag of peanut butter popcorn, remembering it being her favorite snack at the academy. Back then, she'd be sharing it with a close friend. As the grieved fighter pilot walked through the mountainous city to clear her mind, Dorovio stopped amidst a gathered crowd of people huddling around a holoscreen.

A short haired brunet man appearing to be mid-twenties was in the hologram. He was wearing a strange looking green jumpsuit. A grey helmet rested underarm, it was visor-less with dark tan padding. His face was outlined in determination, yet was soft enough to not seem intimidating. Brown eyes stared out from the hologram as he spoke. Dorovio admitted, she was intrigued.

"_My name is Arvel Crynyd of the Alliance to Restore the Republic,_" he started. "_We have been branded as terrorists, rebels, and criminals. Yet we were not the ones who destroyed Alderaan. Alderaan

was a peacekeeping planet, it didn't deserve to be snuffed out. My heart goes out to the billions who have been killed mercilessly, and to the families they leave behind. The Empire would have you believe we are guilty of this criminal act, but we wish liberation for all, not the destruction of any. I want everyone to remember Alderaan. Never forget it. This is why we fight. This is why the Rebellion lives on. For Alderaan. And if you feel the pain of all those affected by this grave loss, do not remain under the Empire's thumb. Join the fight, so that no other planet will suffer the same fate as Alderaan."_

As the hologram faded, the crowd dispersed. Dorovio stayed as the citizens of Thistle went back to their business, muttering about the rebel who had just spoken. Some thought the Rebellion was crazy, others thought it was full of criminals, and still others had very little doubt that the rebels were behind Alderaan.

But the pilot's speech still played in Dorovio's mind. The Empire's most cruel, most fearful, and most powerful secret was being brought to light. She had to find out the truth behind the Death Star. For Alderaan, her home. For Aru-E'den, her dream. For Rina, her friend.

Dorovio turned around from her spot in front of the holodisk, and walked back to her fighter.

-Breakline-

The station gave a steady hum as Dorovio went to find Rys. If he believed something went down, then he could help Dorovio on her quest for answers. She found him talking to Thyne and Corzo in the break room, and approached the trio. As she grew closer, she could overhear them talking about the Death Star.

"Hey guys," Dorovio greeted nonchalantly.

"Vi, we were just discussing Alderaan's destruction," Thyne explained.

"Oh really?"

"Yeah, Corzo has a buddy who was stationed on Alderaan," Rys pointed to the dark-skinned pilot to his right.

"Yeah, he was talking to me when he described a bright green flash. Scared the crap out of me when the news hit. I was scheduled to transfer to Alderaan tomorrow. Tarche could've happened to me," Corzo supplied.

"What could it mean?" Thyne asked.

"The rebels have it in for us, man," Corzo replied.

"But the Death Star's one of ours," Dorovio challenged.

The trio looked at her. Rys spoke up first.

"They wouldn't take out a planet home to an Imperial base, that's fool hardy."

Thyne scratched his head.

"It could be a way to keep everyone in check, not just the rebels," he reasoned.

Rys sighed, saying as he rolled his eyes, "I can't believe you guys. This is treason. And if the Empire did do this, what are you guys gonna do?"

"I don't know. What would you do if the Empire killed your friend?" Dorovio questioned.

Rys snorted, "He probably deserved it."

Thyne and Dorovio shared a look. Thyne posed the same question to Corzo.

"I don't care what he did, he was my friend, and if I'm loyal to the Empire, I'm even more loyal to my friends," Corzo said.

Rys gave another snort, shaking his head and walking away. Corzo and Thyne looked after Rys, with Corzo moving to follow him. Before Thyne could follow suit, Dorovio pulled him by the arm.

"Ouch," Thyne complained. When the two were alone, Thyne asked, "Vi, what's up?"

"I know you have questions, just like I do," Dorovio said.

"Look, I know the Empire's done some crazy scray before, I'm not an idiot. And I believe you," Thyne replied. When Dorovio stared at him, he added, "And yes, I do have questions."

"Don't you want answers?"

"What difference does it make? The Death Star is a super secret project. We could hang ourselves if we check this out," Thyne warned.

"Not if we defect," Dorovio stated frankly. Thyne looked both ways before covering Dorovio's mouth.

Looking at her eyes coldly, he said, "Don't even say that. Not out loud."

After a few seconds more, Thyne let go. Dusting his hands off, he said, "I'm gonna help you get to the bottom of this. But what happens if we uncover something big?"

"We get out of here. Join the Rebellion."

"I hope you know what you're doing, Vi."

"I do."

With that, Thyne was on his way to the pilots' quarters. Dorovio was satisfied that she had someone who would help her. With Thyne on her side, even if Rys was originally her preferred partner, she had a better chance of finding answers. Dorovio felt like she owed it to Rina to resolve her death, no murder, at the hands of the Death

Star.

-Breakline-

"You think people will listen?" the young rebel asked.

"I hope so, Wedge. The galaxy can't let so many cries go unheard," Arvel Crynyd, the man in the message, replied. He and Wedge Antilles were standing in front of the holoprojecter, located in the west wing of the Yavin Temple that held the Rebel base.

"People will listen Arv," Biggs said, walking up to the pair. "I didn't think that I'd ever defect, but I soon realized that the Empire did some wicked things. I know there are many imperials who are good at heart. This will open their eyes."

"I hope so," Arvel said. "For all our sakes."

End
file.